

Landis, Fred.

INDIANA

NOVEMBER 1933

The HOOSIER EDITOR

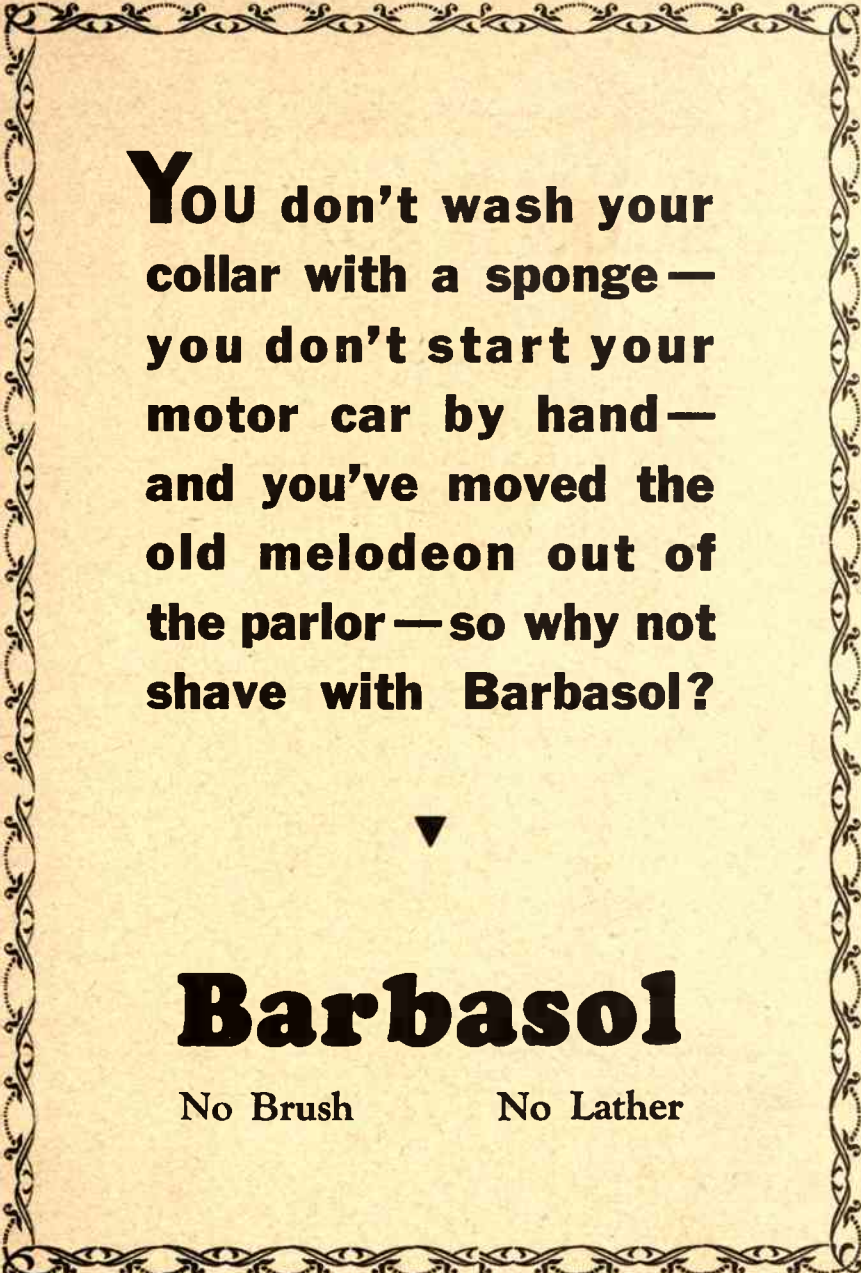
by FREDERICK LANDIS



*We're in a terrible fix—
there's no place to work
and there's no place to PARK!*

DIME A COPY

DOLLAR A YEAR



**YOU don't wash your
collar with a sponge —
you don't start your
motor car by hand —
and you've moved the
old melodeon out of
the parlor — so why not
shave with Barbasol?**



Barbasol

No Brush

No Lather

the HOOSIER EDITOR

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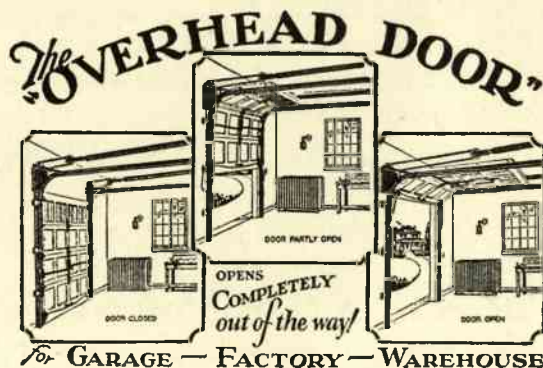
ON Thanksgiving day I shall think of all of you who have made this publication possible.

Through the months we shall sit in the grand stand together and watch the jambo-ree of people and events, not so presumptuous as to think we can change it in the least, but counting ourselves extremely fortunate if we may be able to determine the nature of the function, whether it be a cake-walk, a Halloween party or a wake.

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Give your garage an overcoat by putting in the "Overhead Door." It goes up and out of the way. It closes tightly at top, sides and bottom.

No more trouble. It works just the same in wind, snow or rain. It goes up and down so easy that even a child can operate it. Now everybody can have the "Overhead Door." You will be surprised how little it costs.

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OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION

Hartford City, Indiana, U. S. A.

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THE ARMISTICE



FIFTEEN years ago, November 11th,
the great war ended.

Over here, bells rang, whistles pierced the air, orators spoke to cheering throngs and the sky was filled with flags and the streets with marching children.

Fathers and mothers thanked God the end had come in time to save their boy, while others turned to a picture above the fireplace, then went out into the garden and plucked a flower for the vase beside the likeness of a youth, asleep in Flanders.

"Over there" millions of muddy men swarmed like ants out of the trench-torn earth, gradually learning to stand erect and unafraid beneath a peaceful sky, while all around the endless energies of war were strangely still.

Those men were dazed by the silence of it all.

They had heard this story of an armistice before, only to have it turn to mockery.

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helplessness, the thought that armies are not torch-bearers, but only raw meat, tossed to the dogs of war, and that battles are not the surgery of progress, but only the red games of ambitious butchers, the brooding fear that mankind is locked in a slaughter-house from which it cannot flee, that Mars is god of earth!

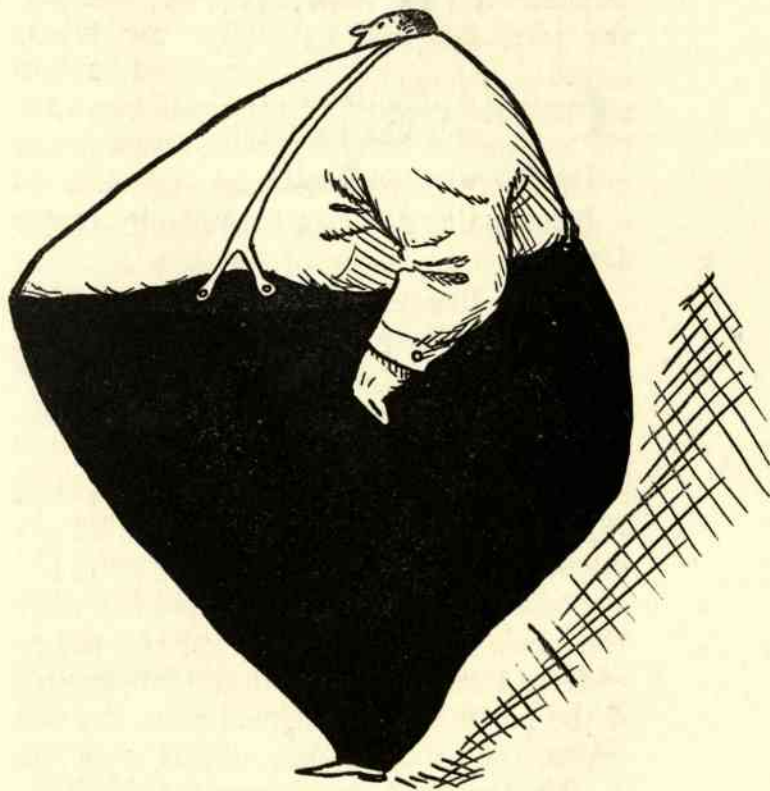
In this reverie of utter futility, a sick and despondent world hears, blended, the mocking laughter of a leering fate and the groans of those who died in vain!

And if a Hitler be the appointed one to launch the red deluge again, let us profit by our recent past; admonished by the ingratitude of those we saved, let us stay Here on Our Own Ground, to the end that when the storm has passed there may be one place on earth where the fragments of white civilization may rally and find refuge!

* * *

We should have Two Thanksgiving days; on one we should thank God for the Atlantic and on the other we should thank Him for the Pacific!

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The First Streamline Body

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would gladly turn it all over to the Old Girl.

This is a New industrial world—and a Cold one.

Progress is a Head-hunter—more ruthless than any Moro.

Millions of Men are Idle and this idleness will become Permanent and More millions will join this Army of Despair unless the government calls a Halt.

The jobs these men once had will Never return to them.

Machines are quicker, cheaper, better, but it so happens that they don't Consume commodities as did the men they threw out of work.

Machines consume nothing but Grease—and no nation ever grew rich and powerful by selling nothing but Grease.

So we have Idle Millions on the one hand and a mountain of things we Can't Sell on the other, and so we wonder whether the Machine is a Peach or a Lemon.

And the situation grows worse every year.

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New Machines displace more workers;
new Mergers make more beggars; more
Women take the places of men; Efficiency
locks more doors against the helpless.

Higher and higher will mount this Human Scrap-pile—unless the Long Arm of Uncle Sam can Tear it Down!

Merely hating this New world will not solve its problems, nor will yearning for the world that has Gone.

There's no way under Heaven to do it, except to Divide all the work and Pass it around at Decent wages.

But the people would never do this of their own accord and if any Patriot should lead the way Nobody would follow.

It would be a parade with nobody in it but the Drum Major.

So, it's a job for Uncle Sam!

Of course, the whole proposition petrifies the Fathers of the Republic, sojourning on their distant star, but a Crisis Suspends a Constitution.

It is made for Fair weather.

And there's enough Rubber in our con-

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stitution to enable us to Stretch it enough to Cover any Emergency.

We've been Stretching it, you know, ever since Jefferson bought Louisiana.

Whether we like it or not, this New industrial world makes us our brother's keeper; we must Keep him, not only for His sake, but our own.

"Brother" may blow the lid up into the Stratosphere, if we don't.

He will hardly sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" while he Starves in a Land of Plenty, but we are not going to come to that.

We can handle this situation.

EVOLUTION CAN'T LOSE US!

And no matter how it may Alter the old fashioned fabric of our national life, it will Not Dye it Red!

We can Humanize our system without Socializing it.

The time may come when Machines and Robots will do All the Work and the Human Hand will be on Exhibition in the museum, but right now our job is to pass

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the work around until Everybody has a piece of it.

Of course, the great American voter may decide to go on a professor-hunt some of these days and swat the Democrats, in which event the N. R. A. would go glimmering, but the Republicans would then have to pick up the same idea and put it across.

There's no Other way Out.

And whatever Has to be done Will be done!

These Evangels of Goose-flesh, sent out by the government, can't scare us.

We are not Tender-feet; we are Dread-naughts.

For three long years we've been so close to the Wolf that we could tell whenever he had been eating Onions.

Show us a Scare-crow and we'll take his clothes off and cut them down for the Children.

We are Not on our last legs.

When I was only Five Minutes old I heard people saying we were "going to

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the dogs" and I've heard the same thing ever since, but I've been looking for those "dogs" a long, long time—and I've never seen them yet!

Possibly the "Dogs" keep on backing up.

The newspapers have prepared the obituaries of prominent people and have them all ready to publish, but nobody has yet prepared the obituary of Uncle Sam!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

* * *

We've bought five millions gallons of Scotch whisky in the last five months. It takes a lot of barb-wire to make that much "Scotch."

* * *

One of the greatest causes of high blood pressure is to sit, imprisoned in a traffic jam, and hear the taxi metre ticking away the surplus you had set aside to educate the children.

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CORN ON THE COB

What's become of Bernard Shaw?

* * *

The frost has been a great thing for the victims of hay-fever, but it has given the tonsillitis to a lot of nudists.

* * *

Japan and Russia are threatening to fight.

Well, if somebody must open up the old slaughter house again, I can't think of any two parties I'd rather see do it.

* * *

Our dog has started to lie on the registers and just as soon as we chase him away from one he camps upon another.

He likes it; he thinks it's a game—something like Progressive Euchre.

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The automobiles are all showing new lines, but what this country really needs is a new automobile mortgage—one with shock absorbers on it.

* * *

A member of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition says there's unlimited coal at the South Pole.

And just think how handy it is!

* * *

This N. R. A. Eagle is in the front window, looking out. He ought to be back in the establishment, Watching what's going on!

* * *

Economists in Germany are advising the people to eat more fish, but Germany will never find another fish as large and juicy as Uncle Sam, who loaned her hundreds of millions he will never see again.

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If the President reduces the salaries of the motion picture stars it will just hurt business that much.

They'll hold on to their mates and this will hurt the Reno lawyers; they'll hold on to their appendixes and this will hurt the surgeons.

* * *

The people of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, are indignant because a pet jackrabbit has been buried in their cemetery, but I'd rather stretch out for eternity alongside a self-respecting jackrabbit than some people I know.

* * *

The papers say Babe Ruth may not be with the Yankees next year.

Whenever he failed to knock two home runs to the game last season they took him out of the line-up and examined him for gall-stones.

THE OLD SALOON

THERE IS Muttering in the land.
The Son of Thirst is peeved by this
Daffodil method of handling Nearer-Beer.

He doesn't want to be Chaperoned by
Little Lord Fauntleroy; he wants to be
Knocked Out by Gambrinus!

And he is peeved, even more, by its gentle
love-tap.

He wants the Old Amber with the Solar
Plexus.

He doesn't want to drink in a Pie-House
and he doesn't want to drink at Home.

There's no thrill about tanking up in the
Sitting Room, with all the Folks sitting
around.

This Apostle of Irrigation wants the Old
Saloon, the old Bazaar of Bubbles, with the
sawdust floor, the stove with the distended
abdomen and the weinies cooking on it,
the tables with green cloth tops and the
Old Reliables, fumbling the gummy cards.

He wants the old bar, the old atmos-

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phere, the old conversation with the Warts on it.

He doesn't want to receive his nectar from his Aunt Lucindy.

He wants to be served by the old bar-keep with a hand like a Ham, a head like a Hickory Nut and a laugh like a Cyclone.

He doesn't want to carry it Home—not until it's Inside of him.

He wants to navigate grandly up to the bar, tie himself in a sailor's knot around the brass rail and take the Bridle off.

He wants to be cordial.

He wants to slap everybody on the back.

He wants to shake hands with the same Bird fifteen times.

He can't do this at home with his Uncle Ezra.

He wants to Weep on some comrade's dickey.

He wants to see the room go Round.

He doesn't want to go Home—not until Morning.

He doesn't want Tapioca pudding and lady-fingers.

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He wants pretzels, pig's-feet, mustard, summer sausage—and Limburger.

He doesn't want to sit and guzzle and look at the old family Album.

He wants to gaze upon the ravishing art of the bar-room.

He doesn't want to twine round the family.

He wants to coagulate with a cluster of reservoirs, with Fish-worms in their eyes.

And he wants to Sing.

Who wants to wrap his arm round his Mother-in-law and sing: "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!"

This Sizzling Son of Lexington wants to do a little four-flushing—and he can't do it at home.

They have his Number there.

He wants to reveal his imprisoned splendor, impress strangers with the idea that he is quite a Whale.

If he tried it at home, the kids would Razz him.

He wants to tell the Celery Salesman from Kalamazoo that his wife doesn't ap-

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preciate him—doesn't know a Good Thing
when she has it.

He wants to tell how he could have married an Heiress,

She was Crazy about him.

He wants to tell how he never had a
Chance.

And then he wants to Sob into his stein.

He wants to Advertise .

He wants to tell how he lost a fortune
in stocks.

He wants to tell how he made a hole in
One.

He wants to tell how he declined a partnership with Henry Ford.

He wants to tell how he knew President
Roosevelt at Harvard.

He wants to have a drink with Everybody.

He loves to shout: "Fill 'em up again!"

He wants to lean against the Free Lunch
counter and recite Hamlet's soliloquy,
making gestures with a Herring on his
fork.

Then he wants to take them all into his

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Confidence and tell how Belasco wanted him to come to New York and play Shakespeare, but he couldn't leave his Grandmother.

And then he wants to gaze into the frosted mirror and behold a Gentleman of Quality.

He wants to urge the Piano-tuner from Keokuk to come and bring his Folks and stay all Summer.

He just can't Fly his Kite at home.

After one bottle, his wife would tell him to put out the Cat and go to bed.

He doesn't want a Bottle; he wants a Barrel.

He wants to go Bug-house.

He wants to tell how he can drink it—or let it alone.

He wants to eat garlic—and become confidential.

With foam upon his fetlock, he wants to tell how he tried to get into the world war—but Fallen Arches kept him out.

The truth is he Chopped off a Toe to

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Dodge the Draft, but the way he Tells it
would melt the heart of Pershing.

He wants to Introduce himself to everybody.

He wants to lunge into every conversation, beg elaborate pardon and buy the drinks for the House.

He wants to throw his money to the birds.

If he tried it at home, his wife would Grab it.

He wants to Dance.

He wants to do the Highland Fling.

He wants to drink until all his screws are loose.

He wants to drink until he tells the same story a dozen times.

He wants to drink until he sees Sixteen bar-tenders, instead of one.

He wants to drink until it takes the help of three to light his ragged Perfecto—One to hold the Match—and Two to hold Him.

He wants to drink until he mixes Eye-

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brows with some bird he never saw before and tells him how he Loves him.

He wants to drink until he puts Butter on his Dill Pickle and Molasses on his Onions.

He wants to drink until he's Rich enough to pay the national debt!

And as he nears the end of his delightful journey he wants to lament that men are Not what they used to be—that all the signs are bad.

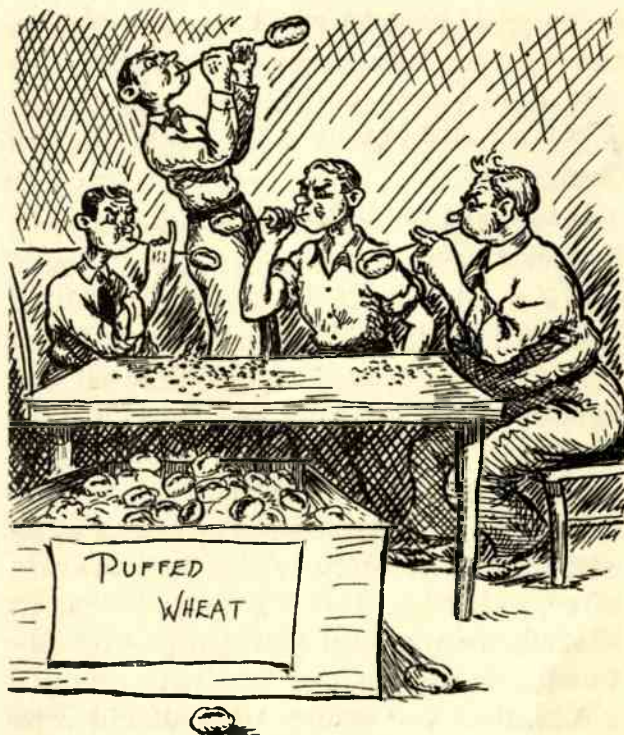
And then he Buckles Amidships, his Lights go out, he Sinks beneath the Waves.

There never was but one place in all this world where the Proud American could Do all these things, Have all these things, Be all these things—and it was the Old-Fashioned Saloon.

And so it is coming back, and he who believed the political bed-time story that it never would, is too innocent for this world of guile.

They may call it a Delicatessen, a Lily of the Valley, or a Venus de Milo, But it Will Be the Old Saloon!

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Important Industrial Note

Breakfast food manufacturers insure solution of the industrial problem.

They will discontinue present method of exploding grains by steam and employ men to blow up the grains with quills.

It is estimated that this will employ ten million men now idle.

CUBA



THEY are having a real Nice time in Cuba.

It's almost as disorderly down There as it is up Here.

It's a lot harder to hive a swarm of Cubans than a swarm of bees.

Don't you remember how we used to agonize about Cuban liberty before the Spanish war?

We thought these Cubans were a mild-mannered, much-abused people who needed only their liberty to live happily ever after.

Well, we were all worked up over the Cubans, so we went to war with Spain.

Yes, that was another one of our Foreign wars.

We sailed in and larruped the hide off poor, old Spain.

We Beat her, but there wasn't much glory in it, for it was like beating a Carpet.

Then we cut our eye-teeth, for no soon-

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er had we chased out Spain than the Cubans began to "suspect" us.

Just because we lingered long enough to make them somewhat Sanitary they actually thought we wanted to Steal them.

We gave Cuba the first Bath she had ever had, the first Bath in four hundred years.

You can accumulate a Lot, you know, in Four Hundred Years.

Then we wiped out the Yellow Fever.

And when we had the Cubans all Washed and Ironed they wanted something to Eat.

A Bath is a great thing to whet the Appetite!

Those Cubans demanded Ham and Liberty and we gave them a square meal, then handed them a deed for the property and promised to protect them Forever.

We fixed them up; we gave them a kitchen cabinet, ice box, vacuum cleaner, telephone, potatoes, prunes, side-meat, vinegar, horse-radish, moth-balls—everything they needed to keep house Right.

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We thought with this start they would play the guitar, sing "Home Sweet Home" and keep the peace, but they have rough-housed ever since we turned them loose.

We've had to go in two or three times and settle them and we've about arrived at the conclusion that we owe Spain an Apology for that war back in 1898!

Uncle Sam is the Family Physician for the whole south half of the western hemisphere and he has a Hot bunch of patients.

It's a Charity practice entirely.

He's fanning in and out, all the time, all the way from Cape Horn to the Rio Grande; you can see him any hour of the day or night, chasing around with a surgical kit, taking out a kidney in Paraguay or amputating adenoids in Bolivia.

The trouble with these countries is that they all have high blood pressure and they won't go on a Diet.

They absolutely refuse to eat Spinach!

They'll never lead a Better Life until we send Aimee McPherson and Texas Guinan down to Convert them!

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THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING is the anniversary the Pilgrims gave us, a band of lonely men and women, camped on the bleak rim of a continent, inhabited by Indians.

There is drama as well as beauty in the thought that our only day of Gratitude was established by those who had the Least.

They were grateful for life, for harvests, and most of all, for freedom to Worship in their own way.

They were poor in material treasures, but rich in Contentment, and, after all, this is the sum of human wealth.

We need not Pity the Pilgrims, but we may with profit emulate their straight philosophy.

Pioneers see realities clearly because they live close to them, and those realities are not obscured by a wilderness of follies.

To approach the clear viewpoint of the pioneers, we must sit by a sick bed, or

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stand by a grave, for there Alone, life's true proportions take their places.

There we realize that ambitions are only phantoms and disappointments, only passing clouds.

If our heroic fathers look down upon us, how they must Marvel at our grumbling.

On wintry nights they barred the door and sat close to the open fire, each hut of logs a little oasis in a desert of desolation, and they were Happy to be there.

What do they think as we complain when we must spend One night at home!

In the black outside they heard the dashing waves and were grateful that they were not at sea; they heard the roaring wind and were thankful that they were not lost in the forest; they heard the howling wolves and rejoiced that they were Safe.

How they must wonder as we are Peeved when a little static creeps into the symphony which comes a thousand miles!

The Pilgrim Father looked at his store

of meal and beans and venison and declared a dividend.

How amazed he must be to see the capitalist leap into space because he has lost all but Five millions!

The Pilgrim Mother knitted stockings and thought it a "career."

What must she think of the Lady who shoots her husband because he trumps her ace!

They walked waist-deep through snow.

How they must smile as we Rave because the car goes only seventy miles an hour!

They sat through sermons, two hours long.

How they must shake their heads as we explode because the Sunday golfer in front delays us, hunting for his ball!

We have more things, but they had more Sense; we have more thrills, but they had more Life; we are able to develop a civilization, but they alone could Found one; we have art and science and invention, but they had something more—a faith in God!

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Now is the time to plant your Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Hedge, Evergreens, etc. The ground is firm and settled and in early Spring your plantings will be ready to Grow and Thrive before drouth or hot weather comes.

Evergreens will add Beauty to your home when all else is brown and bare.

We have a complete stock, Everything needed to beautify your home, and we will landscape and plant it, if desired.

Our prices are Low; our service is Prompt.

We are located five miles southwest of North Manchester and twelve miles north of Wabash.

Write us or Come and See us.

The LAKETON NURSERIES

LAKETON, INDIANA

PHONE 722 GREEN.

"Good Bye"

SOUR STOMACH *and Indigestion*

GONE — are those uncomfortable hours after meals when food lays like lead in your stomach. I said "good-bye" to digestive trouble when I discovered this new "Alkaline Way" to get relief.

Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Gas on the Stomach, Heartburn and dull Headaches, how I suffered with them. Then one day a friend told me about ALKA-SELTZER Tablets . . . and oh, what a relief!

I discovered that EXCESS ACIDITY was the cause of my troubles. Too much acid forming food in my daily diet—irregular meals, rich foods and over-eating. That's what caused the EXCESS ACIDITY. I suppose hundreds who read this are suffering as I did. But you need suffer no longer.

Take my advice—get a package of ALKA-SELTZER Tablets at your nearest drug store. A tablet in a glass of water makes a delightful effervescent anti-acid drink and will give you prompt relief.



*Relieves the Pain
and Corrects the Cause*

**For Sale At
All Drug Stores**

**Two Sizes
30c & 60c**

*Also Served
at Drug Stores
Soda Fountains*

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

**We pay farmers
for the wheat
they don't plant.
Now wouldn't it
be a great idea
to pay the kids
for the wild oats
they don't sow!**